Pie

Mince Pie! The kind that smacks of the country home of years ago. It makes the mouth water to think of it - most cooks won't bother now-a-days as they did then to get things "just right," and so we make

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

to save the labor and expense and give the husbands and the boys pies "like mother used to make." No housewife has a cleaner kitchen than ours, or can buy as carefully or cheaply as we can. That's why None Such Mince Meat is only

Ten cents a package

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Oyster Beds. The D. B. G. is

the acme of perfection, and every

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Home musically supreme. To

any one that has a musical

appetite it supplies every kind

of choice musical food. It is

absolutely and unfailingly the

only Piano-Player that suc-

cessfully does with the Piano

that which one would expect

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ing you can think of that would

be so much appreciated as the

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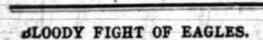
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A Royal Pair in the New York Zos Eugage in a Fierce Conflict.

At the zoo in Central park, New York, there was a fierce and bloody fight the other day. The outcome, it is feared, may prove fatal to the male eagle, who provoked the battle. No one knows just how it started, but it may have been a scurrilous remark about the personal appearance of his mighty mate that drew down her wrath upon the luckless male-anyway, they fought.

Loud screams and angry thrashings in the cage first drew the keeper's attention when he discovered a frightful mix-up. The great curved beaks tore, the fearful talons struck and cut, the powerful wings beat and pommeled as the pair rolled in conflict on the down and feathers in the air about

The female is much the larger and more powerful bird, says the New York Times, and at last succeeded in vanguishing her partner. He, poor, bated, featherless wretch, presented a pitiable sight when rescued by his keeper, though his eyes still flashed defiantly and his weak voice shricked andying hatred at his conqueror. It feared he would never recover.

FASHIONS IN WORDS.

Eyening serve with film to wester named -EXPLOSIUM C. Clialty. Orders called for.

"Lady" and "Party" Are Now Coming Back Into Favor After Long Disuse.

A word that is gradually coming into Its own again after a period of neglect is "lady." After having been overworked until it lost its significance, the word was suddenly subdued and expelled from all polite, if not educated conversation.

Now there is a tendency to receive "lady" back into the modish vocabulary. The word is occasionally heard in the talk of persons who flatter themselves that they speak the latest New Yorkese. But it must be uttered with a slight emphasis in order to show that the word has just been taken up, says the New York Sun. "Party" has a er a term of banish-

ment been restored to high favor in drawing-room conversation. Only a few years ago the word was as much scorned as "lady" in circles that were supposed to be critical in details of such importance. It was never heard. But now "party" is among the overwords of the fashionable voeabulary and is added to every term

escription. Thus one hears of "musical parties," "dancing parties," and so on throughout the whole category.

ESTIMATING COAL SUPPLY.

Some Startling Figures as to the Unmined Quantity of Pennsylvania Anthracite.

A banking house in New York has made an estimate of the coal which remains in the anthracite beds of Pennsylvania, and finds that there are still 5,073,775,000 tons unmined. These beds are, with insignificant exceptions, the property of eight railroad corpora-tions, which expect to mine 50,000,000 tons this season. At this rate the coal would last about 100 years; but the consumption of coal is constantly increasing, and if the estimate of the banking house is correct, the anthracite field of Pennsylvania will be exhausted long before the end of the century, says the Baltimore American.

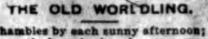
While this coal is at present the most accessible and of excellent quality. there are other anthracite deposits which may be brought into general use within a few years that will remove all anxiety concerning the supply. The bituminous and semi-bituminous coal deposits are practically inexhaustible, and they extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific, some of the southwestern states and territories being to a large axient beds of coal.

Secret of Long Life.

OtA physician has declared that if only ninutes a day were speat in physical reise as an adjunct to mental edunome most people might live to 70 address Wisday's Illness, and perhaps mount Avenuelives to 190 years.

manusthree regg,

she Death Stone; shipwreek



de shambles by each sunny afternoon; His portly form is shrunken as a specte. His face is vacant as the morning "oun; Quaffed is his nector.

Out of his eyes the dancing light is sone; Out of his blood the wanton warmth that Out of his air the charm that conquests wor

When fancy willed it. Proud was his port and tasty his array; His days and nights o'erflowed with song

and laughter; He never dreamed that these would pass And this come after. He courted pleasure and secured it still: He asked for friends, and loves, and these

were given; He craved all worldly good and had his fill; He sought not Heaven.

His friends have vanished never to return; His pleasures, treasures, all his heart's His passions only in their embers burn; Mute is his lyre.

For him the eventime has brought no light; Its sighing breezes pity as they kiss him; The dark will bear him to the wastes of night; Earth will not miss him.

Alas, the life that has no upward look, No sacrifice of self, no high endeavor; Its taste becoming like the seer's book,

WHEN THE "RAG ROW" CLOSED &

By D. H. TALMADGE.

(Copyright, 1901, by Authors Syndicate.)

ET it be distinctly understood that no man conforms precisely to the estimate put upon him by the world. He is human, and consequently too deep in places for human comprehen-

Duggles is considered to be a very wicked young man-a man of menace to the better social interests, who obtains his living in a manner prohibited by the statutes and thereby assists the police reporters of the daily press to obtain theirs honestly, which fact has a bearing upon some problem or other in moral philosophy. He is not a bad-looking young fellow when he appears in police court after a comfortable night's sleep, and it is noted on these occasions that a young woman with big brown eyes, which seem to melt and run down her face when she looks at the prisoner, invariably occupies s seat near the door. This young woman has come to be as much a feature of interest to the court habitues as Duggles himself, and the police department even goes so far

Price than Common Oysters, as to suspect her of complicity in but Much Better in Quality certain crimes, which is as great a "Maybe not, me girl. You think I'd complime ascertain dennitely if it is o suld not open streets at their pleasure is capablely's intention outside the police department Gance go?" D. B. G. and Blue Points delivered on the half-shell a specthe breach from the Summer fields of oie of paying to any person life. "I shall be loved by and by!" of itself. But it never does more than suspect, because the only thing against her is her friendship for Duggles, and friendship for a

criminal does not constitute a crime in this country, nor will it so long as men of different moral standards are compelled by motives of political policy to associate with one another. Some state legislature will make such a law perhaps after awhile. Anything may be expected from state egislatures, which as a rule are composed of conscientious men who labor under the frightful delusion that if they fail to make laws they are failing in their duty to the commonwealth, and who, poor creatures, are woefully pushed at times to obtain raw material. This, however, has nothing to do with Duggles in par-

Duggles appeared one night at the Three Corners, a locality frowned upon by those good people who be-lieve that vice should be closked respectably, and erooked his finger at certain window. The window irapery fluttered responsively, and a moment later the girl of the brown eyes appeared in the "family en-trance" of the beer saloon known to many shuddering readers of the daily prints as "Bud's Place." "Bud" was the girl's father. Also he was

a warm friend to Duggles. "Evenin'," said Duggles. He gently grasped the hand that the girl extended towards him and held it. They seated themselves upon the doorstep. "Didn't look for me toaight, did you?" He smiled.

"No," replied the girl; "but that makes me all the gladder to see you." "Naw!" He was greatly pleased. Warm, sin't it?" "Awful."

"Twas warmer where I was last night."

"I bet you!" He rubbed the stubble of his chin with his disengaged hand and chuckled. Then he pressed a bit closer to her. "Molly, what would you say to buyin' a house and movin' into it, you and me?" "What you givin' me?"

"Straight goods, me girl. See here: There was a select little stag party up on Avenue B last night, and I was to it; dropped in without bein' bid about two o'clock. No matter how I got in; 'twasn't by the door; and what I got wasn't what I went after, I didn't touch a thing, and when I left I covered every track."

"You heard somethin'?" "Gee, but you're elever, Molly! How did you tumble so easy?" He contemplated the girl in frank ad-

"Stop guyin". What did you hear?" He closed one eye cunningly You'll have to let me whisper it into your ear, and you'll have to take chances of gettin' kissed while I'm whisperin' it."
"Don't you dare, Bill Duggles!"

The girl scowled fiercely, then rested her head upon his shoulder. "Ain't it

nice they didn't put an are on this side the buildin'?" she murmured. "M-m-m-m," he agreed.

A policeman passed, twirling his night stick. A bevy of girls, chatting and laughing shrilly, paused, nudging one another. A child, carrying a tin pail, appeared and stood waiting until Duggles arose and made way for her to enter the saloon.

"There was only two men in the party," he went on, "and one of 'em was old Drimmer, chief squirt of the Rag Row bank, and the other was Bowd, the cashier. I come within an inch of breakin' right in on 'em. My hand was on the doorknob, and-"

"Cut the trimmin's," the girl interrupted impatiently. "What did you

His reply caused her to start. "Goin' to close-Friday-the Rag Row bank-aw, say, now!"

"It's straight, I tell you. They went over the whole thing, figures and all. There's a shortage of 16,000 plunkers and some cents on the bank books, and they're goin' to sneak with what they can get their claws on before the thing comes out. They don't want to do it. Old Drimmer sniveled like a kid, but Bowd didn't; he cussed 'em both for speculatin' with other people's spuds; said they might as well make a clean job of it now. As near as he could tell there was \$15,000 apiece for 'em, all

"Well?" said the girl, after an inter-

"Well, it's up to me to do somethin'. This is Tuesday. What'll I do?"

"I don't know. Dad keeps his money in that bank."

"Yes, and the Multons do and the Tolands and the Riggleses and all our folks; but they'll pay nothin' to the one that saves the stuff for 'em-not a pistareen. There's the makin' in it, Molly, of a nice little front room with plate glass fixtures and a nice little back room with easy-chairs and a velvet sofa. All I've got to do is to ask for \$5,000 and I'll get it."

"Ask who?" "Old Drimmer."

"He'd laugh at you; he'd say no one ould believe you."

"He wouldn't laugh when I worked the shortage gag on him; that's where I'd have him dead to rights. I know a newspaper guy that'll give me a hundred in cold cash, and maybe more, for the steer the minute the thing's proved; and he'll see that it's proved unpleasant questions."

They were silent for a time. A cab rattled over the cobbles, and fragments of "The Wearing of the Green," played on an accordion, wafted from a near-by alley.

"Bill." The girl spoke first. "Yes?" "Twouldn't be honest; 'twouldn't

be square." "Maybe not, me girl. You think I'd

She did not reply at once. Softly he stroked her hair, waiting. Five minutes passed. Ten minutes. A quarter-

hour. Then, very slowly: "Yes, Bill, you'd better let the chance go. We'd never feel just right bout it. Let it go"

Duggles hesitated. His forehead was wet with sweat, and he ground his teeth. The hand in which he held that of the girl contracted with such vigor that she gave utterance to an exclamation of pain. But the tone of his voice was cheerful. "All right, Molly."

Impulsively the girl put her arms about his neck. "I'll marry you, Bill, any time you say," she whispered, "You're awful good."

He gasped. "You said you wouldn't till I was fixed to buy a place. You ain't guffin' me, are you, Melly?"

"Nit," she replied. "I've changed my mind. I'd rather have you poor but honest than to have you rich with the spuds stole from our own people by swell thieves. Our people trusted 'em, Bill, and they've proved fa'se. I'm surprised that you'd think of takin'

"I didn't want the stuff, Molly," he interrupted; "on the dead I didn't; I wanted-you. I can graft enough from them that can afford to lose it to keep us goin', dear." "If you can't," she said, and the

note in her voice was one of high purpose according to her lights, "we'll starve, old man,"

"You know it!" said Daggles. And the next day two miserable men

were transferred from homes wherein the Three Corners district was never thought of except with horror to that place where the state confines the violators of its laws until they shall

Mrs. Logan Atteins Fresh Honors.

Mrs. John A. Logan has been elected to the head of the new organization. Application has been made to the commander in chief of the Spanish war veterans for a charter as a national woman's auxiliary by a number of women of Washington, who have elected officers, selecting Mrs. Logan as president. The application is strongly indorsed by Lieut. Gen. Miles, recently commander in chief of the veterans, and by other prominent officers. It is proposed that the National Woman's Auxiliary shall have a status with the Spanish War Veterans similar to that enjoyed by women's organizations con-Republic, Union Veterans' union and charter is granted Mrs. Logan's auxil-lary will be the mother and issue char-ters to such women's auxiliaries as other patriotic associations. If the ters to such women's auxiliaries as may be organized throughout the country.

Men Can Only Be Picked. She-Why don't you pick out some nice girl to marry you?

He-I guess you don't know the girls in our set. They do the picking out.-Boston Herald.

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CETATE OF JOHN P. SCHERFF.

Pursuant to the order of Joseph W. ELLOR, Surrogate of the County of Easex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned Executors of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or ammation their craims and demands against the estate of said deceased within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting of recovering the same

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